

# THE DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.

BY W. T. GILES.]

UPPER SANDUSKY, WYANDOT, O., FRIDAY, JAN. 2, 1846.

[VOL. 1. NO. 16.]

## Business Directory.

### COUNTING HOUSE ALMANAC For the Year of Our Lord. 1845.

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
January	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
February	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
March	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
April	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
May	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
June	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
July	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
August	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
September	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
October	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
November	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
December	1	2	3	4	5	6	7

## POETRY.

### HYMN TO THE UNIVERSE.

Roll on, thou Sun, for ever roll,  
Thou giant, rushing through the heaven,  
Creation's wonder, nature's soul;  
Thy golden wheels by angels driven;  
The planets die without thy blaze,  
And cherubim with star-dropt wing  
Float in thy diamond-sparkling rays,  
Thou brightest emblem of their King!

Roll, lovely Earth! and still roll on,  
With ocean's azure beauty bound;  
While one sweet star, the pearly Moon,  
Pursues thee through the blue profound;  
And angles with delighted eyes  
Behold thy teints of mount and stream,  
From the high walls of paradise;  
Swift-wheeling like a glorious dream.

Roll, Plants! on your dazzling road,  
For ever sweeping round the sun;  
What eye beheld when first ye glowed!  
What eye shall see your courses done!  
Roll in your solemn majesty,  
Ye deathless splendors of the skies!  
High altars, from which angels see  
The incense of creation rise.

Roll, Comets! and ye million Stars!  
Ye that through boundless nature roam;  
Ye monarchs on your flame-winged cars;  
Tell us in what more glorious dome—  
What orb to which your pompous are dim,  
What kingdom but by angels trod—  
Tell us, where swells the eternal hymn  
Around His throne—where dwells your God!

Paraphrased from GOETHE.

### TYRE.

High on the stately wall  
The spear of Anad hung,  
Through corridor and hall  
Gemad's war-note rung.  
Where are they now? the note is o'er;  
Yes! for a thousand years and more  
Five fathoms deep beneath the sea  
Those halls have lain all silently;  
Naught listing save the mermaid's song,  
While rude sea-monsters roam the corridors  
Along.

Far from the wondering East  
Tubal and Javan came,  
And Araby the blest,  
And Kedar, mighty name—  
Now on that shore, a lonely guest,  
Some dripping fisherman may rest,  
Watching on rock or naked stone  
His dark net spread before the sun,  
That broods o'er that dull spot, and there  
Shall brood for aye!

## MISCELLANY.

### THE CREEK MAIDEN'S REVENGE.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

—There's a story in every breeze,  
And a picture on every wave—

Where the tall cedar lifts its feathery boughs, and the magnolia leaves white gloss in the setting sun on the banks of the Chattahoochee, there lived in 1831 an Indian maiden and her father. Narcoochee was considered the beauty of her tribe, and the young warriors called her "the Red Rose." Her raven locks she braided after a fashion she had learned from the white maidens of an adjoining settlement, and twined them with wild flowers which grew near her wigwam. Her sleep was light as the fawn's, and her fond old father said, "her eye was brighter than the stars at night." There was none like her could work the moccasin, or deck the war girdle with bright shells and beads. Her step was fleetest in the dance, and in all the tasks devolving upon her sex, she was peculiarly expert.

Among the Chiefs of her tribe was one known by the name of "Young Eagle Eye," an appellation he had won by bringing the eagle by his arrow from its flight in the sky. He saw and loved the Red Rose, and sought to win her for his own. He brought to her offerings of venison, and skins of bear—he plucked the gayest feathers he could find, and brought curious, bright-tinted shells from the sea shore.

During this year measures were taken by the government of the United States, relative to the removal of the Creek Nation in Alabama, to Arkansas. A treaty was formed with the Indians, allowing every head of a family half a section of land on which to locate, and every single Indian and widow quarter of a section. These lands they were allowed to sell immediately if they chose, and occupy public lands until 1836, the time of their removal, or stay on them until the Indians left. But to Arkansas they were to remove, and leave behind them forever the rich hunting grounds of Alabama, and the graves of their fathers.

When the news of this treaty reached the ears of Konquil, Narcoochee's father, he was half frantic with grief and rage. He could not endure the idea of becoming, in his old age, the resident of another

land—he had been born on the banks of the Chattahoochee—had angled in the stream and built his wigwam beside it. Here he had hoped to die and rest in peace, with his tomahawk by his side, but this favor was to be denied him now.

He met young Eagle Eye and upbraided him for the part he had acted in effecting the treaty. "I have seen the leaves of sixty summers here wither and die," said he, "and here when I go back to the Great Spirit, I wish to be buried with my fathers. But our land is to become the home of the pale-faces our enemies! Our hunting grounds and maize fields are to be theirs, and their ploughs will share among the bones of our kindred. How can you ask me to divide my tobacco, or smoke the pipe of peace with one who has done this? You would win my daughter for your squaw, but this shall never be. The serpent shall never nestle with the dove. Narcoochee shall never be the squaw of the enemy of her tribe!"

In vain Eagle Eye sought to gain favor in the eyes of the old man. Narcoochee, too, turned away from his gifts, and mourned over the destiny of her tribe. In wrath young Eagle Eye flung from him his rejected gifts, and wrapping his blanket about his stately form, turned forever from the wigwam of Konquil.

Among those who came to trade with the Creeks, and purchase their lands, was a white man by the name of Jones. He was a despoiling wretch, whose object was gain—he cared not how it was obtained. He saw the beautiful fields of Konquil, and thirsted to possess them. In vain he sought to buy them by a tempting display of beads and trinkets. The answer of Konquil to all his overtures was, "these lands are mine and they shall not be given to the white man. Here will Konquil and the Red Rose be buried." Jones turned his attentions to Narcoochee, and laid a dark plan for the accomplishment of his design. He put on his most winning address, and strove by every means in his power to insinuate himself into her affections. He no longer sought to purchase their lands, but mourned with them over the removal of their people. "These hunting grounds are yours," said he, "and you should possess them. The white men have done bad in striving to drive you away. It is fitting that the Red Rose should live in the home of her fathers." He brought her trinkets of silver and entirely won her regard. "I will marry you," said he, "and build a wigwam like the white man's, and here you shall stay. You shall never go to Arkansas; these hunting grounds shall be preserved, and your father's home shall be with us."

The unsuspecting old man, and ignorant maiden listened to the flattering tale and liked it well. Narcoochee became the bride of her white lover, and Konquil gave to him his beautiful lands. No sooner was he fairly in possession of these, than the blackness of his design began to appear. He spurned Narcoochee like a viper from his bosom—sold the land and absconded with the money. Konquil and Narcoochee found, that, instead of a home like the white man's, they had been most cruelly wronged, and now must be driven away. As to Konquil, he said but little. He sat down by the door of his wigwam, rested his head upon his hand, and left the arrow and tomahawk to hang uselessly by his side. No bear or venison lay in his path, and his Indian neighbors said, "the white man has wronged him too much—Konquil will die!"

But the spirit of that Indian girl was roused within her, and she vowed revenge. Her eye flashed in wrath, and she thirsted for the blood of the deceiver. One evening when Konquil had laid himself upon his blanket by the fire, and was half buried in easy slumber, she stole to his side and took the tomahawk from his girdle. Alone she went out beneath the quiet moon, and taking a forest path pursued her way. She heard around her the wild beasts of the night, but her eye quailed not. Her heart was strong in its own resolve. Near midnight she passed near a white settlement. "The tiger has left his prey and returned to his den," she said, but this shall avail him not. Narcoochee lurks in his path, and will yet have his blood.

She heard a slight noise as of some one turning over in slumber. She looked and not far off lay the object of her pursuit. He was wrapped in his blanket beneath a tree, and his rifle and hunting knife were by his side. With a half-maniac shriek, Narcoochee sprang upon her prey, and her tomahawk glinted bright in the moon light. Soon the bloody scalp of her deceiver dripped red in her hand. "It is enough," she said, as she turned to depart; "Narcoochee can now die in peace."

When she reached the wigwam again, the light of morning was breaking in the east. She entered the cabin, and sought to rouse the old man her father from his sleep with one hand, while in the other she held high the scalp of her victim. But

her efforts were vain—Konquil was a corpse. The souls of the deceiver and deceived had both passed in one night up to their final Judge.

Narcoochee gazed wildly upon the sight before her, then wrapping the scalp in one corner of her blanket, went out upon the banks of the Chattahoochee and perished in its waves.

The inquisitive traveller who chanced to visit the South, will see here too graves with rude piles of stone upon them, with the shade of a tall cedar tree. There sleeps Narcoochee and her father. The Creek nation have been removed, and the white men now point to those graves and repeat to each other the tale of THE CREEK MAIDEN'S REVENGE.

### SWEET HOME.

When wand'ring far on distant soil,  
Where fortune bade me roam;  
Mid splendid scenes of joy or toil,  
I never forget my home!  
Sweet, sweet home! Sweet, sweet home.

But ah! what must the captive feel,  
Whose thoughts alone are free!  
His pallid looks and sighs reveal,  
How much he pines for thee,  
Sweet home, &c.

### Doubtful Story.

It is said that the skeleton of a man, eighteen feet high, has been recently dug up in Tennessee. The bones of the thigh and leg measure six feet six inches. The skull is described as being about two thirds the size of a flour barrel, and capable of holding in its cavities near two bushels; a coffee cup of good size could be put into the eye sockets—and the jaw teeth, which are all perfect, even to the enamel, would weigh from three and a half to six pounds. Some of the smaller ones which were loose have been weighed—the front teeth are missing. The teeth bear the evidence of extreme age, from their cavities and apparent diminution from use and wearing away. The story reads like a hoax, but a human skeleton, or what was supposed to be one, nearly as large, was dug up in the south of France, about two centuries ago. "And there were giants in those days.—U. S. Post.

### Spoken Against.

What if people do speak against you. Let them feel that you are able to bear it. What is there gained by stopping to correct every word that is whispered to your discredit? Lies will die if let alone; but if you repeat them to this one and another, because your enemies had the impudence to make them, you but keep the fire burning and open the way for a dozen slanders. Keep on your course and go straightforward and trouble not your head about what is repeated, and feel all the better and wear a less frightful face. Slander never killed a sterling character and it never will. Her coat will not sit upon him, without a pull here, a jerk there, and a twist below, and while this work is going on, the false words are forgotten by the multitude. Let us—you and I reader—repeat what another has said in rhyme, and if we have been talked about or slandered, it will do us as much as a fry at Diamond Cove:

"Not all they say or do can make  
My head or tooth, or finger ache;  
Nor mar my shape, nor scar my face,  
Nor put one feature out of place;  
Nor will ten thousand lies,  
Make me less virtuous, learned or wise;  
The most effectual way to baulk  
Their malice is, to let them talk."

### Origin of the Cap of Liberty.

In former ages, old age was honorable; caps became emblems of honor. By degrees it became the badge of freedom, for none were deemed honorable who were not free,—and when a slave was made a free man, he had a cap given to him, which was permitted to wear in public. The *Phrygian* cap of liberty, was simple in its form, in the shape of a sugar loaf, broad at the base and ending in a cone. This prefigure that freedom stands on the broad basis of humanity, and runs up to a pyramid, the emblem of eternity, to show it ought to last forever. It was simple, for liberty is in itself the most shining ornament of man. It has none of the gilded trappings that make the livery of despotism. The cap of liberty was white, the native color of the undyed, showing that it should be untainted by faction or tyranny.

### Never ask Questions in a Hurry.

"Tom, a word with you."  
"Be quick, then, I'm in a hurry."  
"What did you give your sick horse to other day?"  
"A pint of turpentine."  
John hurries home and administers the same dose to a favorite charger, who, strange to say, drops off dead in half an hour. His opinion of his friend Tom's veterinary ability is somewhat staggered. He meets him the next day.  
"Well, Tom, what is it?"  
"I gave your horse a pint of turpentine, and it killed him dead as Julius Caesar."  
"So it did mine."

## IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.

### The American Farmer.

"Full master of the liberal soil he treads,  
With none to till, to crop, to third his beds  
Of ripely growing fruit of yellow grain—  
He knows no master, save protecting Heaven,  
And those whom choice and common good  
Ordain  
His known what Freedom is."

### From the Ohio Cultivator.

#### Breeds of Sheep—Crossing, &c.

Mr. Editor:—It should be distinctly understood in the first place by the breeder and improver of sheep, that the several breeds have distinctive traits of excellence all of which cannot be united in the same breed. It seems to be a provision of nature that where there is great fineness of fleece, there shall be delicacy of constitution, and the slender imperfect form, and that with a large carcass, the symmetry of form and propensity to lay on fat, there shall be great weight, and coarseness of fleece. The Herefordshire sheep, the finest woolled of the native English sheep, cut only from 14 to 20 lbs., and are at the same time the lightest in carcass. The new Leicester, Lincolnshire, and some others of the heavy mutton sheep cut from 7 to 10 lbs of coarse wool. It has long been a desideratum among breeders to unite fineness of fleece with weight and symmetry of form. But all attempts to accomplish it have necessarily failed. It would be as easy by crossing, to unite in one perfect animal, the fleetness of the racer with the weight and strength of the English dray horse, where nature has given such varied features to each in perfection, it is unwise to cross the Saxons or merinos with the Leicesters and others that differ from them so widely. It can only produce an animal that will not have in perfection the good points of either. To the crossings of Saxons and merinos, there is no objection. The Saxons take from the merino fleeces of Spain in 1765 have been bred with so much care as to excel in some respects the stock from which they sprung. There are now few flocks of fine woolled sheep in the United States, but what have these two breeds to some extent mixed.

Those who desire instead of breeding pure, to breed a grade sheep, will do better to breed from a carefully selected stock of native ewes by a buck of that breed which they may think best adapted to their soil and situation. By employing a Saxon or merino buck, a grade stock will be produced with a moderately fine fleece of wool, and with fair qualities for mutton. With the Leicester buck there will be a fleece somewhat heavier than the native not much coarser, and an improved carcass for the butcher. The South Downs crossed with the native, I consider admirably adapted to the wants of the farmer who keeps but a small stock, and who grows his wool principally for domestic uses. They are easily kept, fed well, and their mutton is high flavored, and their dark faces and legs, white fleeces and handsome forms always claim admiration. But whatever breed may be chosen or whatever cross tried, the judicious breeder will always select the best of his sheep for breeding stock. He will find some way every year to dispose of the poorest. By constant breeding in and in, and always disposing of the best animals, the best stock will in a few years become utterly worthless.

### Yours, &c.,

Cuyahoga, Co., O.

F. Strong.

### To Farmers and Farmer's Sons.

The following, from the United States Journal, is well adapted to the meridian of Ohio, and the season of winter evenings. NO TIME TO READ.—How often do we hear men excuse themselves from subscribing to a paper or periodical, by saying they have "no time to read." When we hear a man thus excuse himself, we conclude he has never found time to confer any substantial advantage, either upon his family, his country, or himself. To hear a freeman thus express himself, is truly humiliating; and we can form no other opinion than that such a man is of little importance to society. Such men generally have time to attend public barbecues, meetings, sales and other meetings, but they have "no time to read." They frequently spend whole days in gossiping, tipping and swapping horses, but they have "no time to read." They sometimes lose a day in asking advice of their neighbors—sometimes a day in picking up the news, the price current and the exchanges—but these men never have "any time to read." They have time to hunt, to fish, to fiddle, to drink, to "do nothing," but "no time to read;" such men generally have uneducated children, unimproved farms and unhappy firesides. They have no energy, no spirit of improvement, no love of knowledge; they live "unknowing and unknown," and often die unwept and unregretted.

There are fifteen hundred and fifty-five newspapers in the United States, and but eighteen hundred and ninety-one in all the world besides.

## The Benefit of Old Fellowship.

It will be gratifying to every "brother" to learn, that the losses of individual members of the Order by the great fire in Pittsburgh, amounting to more than \$15,000, has been fully made up to them. A part of this, embraced all the earthly possessions of several widows of deceased members, who are thus, by the liberality of the Order, again placed in comfortable circumstances. What other charitable society can be found as prompt and efficient as the Old Fellows! Herein consists their oddity.—*Balt. Rep.*

## A Vegetable Waistcoat.

"Tom, what kind of a waistcoat is that you have on?"  
"Why, its cloth, to be sure."  
"Didn't it come from old Threadneedle's, the tailor?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, then, its a vegetable waistcoat!"  
"A what?"  
"A vegetable waistcoat! its made of cabbage."

## A Blunder.

The office of the editor of the Albany Patriot was entered a few nights ago in quest of money. They were fools in a double sense—first, in breaking into an editor's office, and secondly, in thinking to obtain money in an abolition editor's office. An editor's money may commonly be found stowed away securely in his subscriber's pockets.—*Cincinnati Herald.*

A man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket and write down the thoughts of the moment; those that come unsought for are commonly the most valuable, and should be secured, because they seldom return.

## The End.

The end—the end—always have the end in view. If you take a cigar, drink a glass of spirits, violate the creed of virtue, speak an untruth, or lift a copper from your master's drawer, think of the consequences—the end of your course. Will it be pleasant to reflect upon at night? Will it add to your respectability and reputation? If the young men would always have the end in view, the number of transgressors would be small indeed.

The Hon Jesse D. Bright, has been elected by the Indiana Legislature, U. S. Senator, for six years from 4th of March last.

The Legislature of Virginia has elected William Smith, Esq., of Fauquier Governor of that State, for three years from the 1st of January, 1846.

Paine says that the origin of aristocracy was worse than robbery. It was robbery.—The first aristocrats in all countries were brigands. Those of later times, sycophants.

## Patriotism.

"Feller sengers," said a newly elected lieutenant of the militia, down in Maine, "I am all fired obleged to you for this ere shove up in the ranks, you have gin me. Feller sengers I'm not going to forget your kindness soon, not by a darned sight; I'll stick to your post like pitch to a pine board, so long as there is peace; but as I goes for rotation in office, if we should come to blows with the Britishers, I'll be darned if I don't resign right off, and give every feller a fair shake for fame and glory, and all that ar."

The following is an advertisement from the Batesville, Ark. News.

Any gal what's got a bed, calico dress, coffee pot and skillet, knows how to make a hunting shirt, and knows how to nurse children, can have my services till death parts one or both of us.

## Lines for a Lady's Album.

Fair lady on this spotless page  
Allow my thoughts to spread  
Their selves like maple leaves o'er  
Alice of rhyme and injun bread.

Your rosy cheeks will soon decay—  
Those blissful joys that childhood bring  
By time will soon be borne away—  
So go it lady, while you're young!

## A Good Law.

The Legislature of Vermont, at its recent session, passed a law providing that in case an Attorney should fail to pay over moneys collected by him, it should be deemed a wilful and malicious neglect, and upon a verdict being rendered against him for the same, execution should issue against his body, and he be closely confined in jail until the money should be forthcoming.—*U. S. Post.*

## The Kidnapping Case.

The argument in relation to the citizens of Ohio, accused of kidnapping, was concluded by the General Court of Virginia on Saturday last, by a very able argument from S. S. Baxter, Attorney General of Virginia. The decision of the Court will soon be published.—*U. S. Post.*

Never be guilty of any wrong act; is a good motto.

**Job Printing**  
NEATLY AND EXPEDITIOUSLY  
EXECUTED  
AT THE OFFICE OF THE  
**Democratic Pioneer.**

**MADISON FLETCHER, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Having permanently located himself in  
Upper Sandusky, tenders to the public,  
his professional services.  
Office, at Col. McElvain's House, where  
he may be found at all hours when not  
necessarily absent.  
Upper Sandusky, Dec. 19, 1845.—14—1f.

**PETER A. TYLER,**  
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery.  
WILL practice Law in this and adjoining  
Counties, and punctually attend to all  
business entrusted to his care.  
OFFICE, in McCutchen's.  
Dec. 19, 1845.—14—1f.

**R. McKelly,**  
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chan-  
cery,  
UPPER SANDUSKY, OHIO.  
Office in the Land Office.

**Chester R. Mott,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT  
LAW, and Commissioner to take the  
acknowledgements of Deeds and other in-  
struments under Seal, to be recorded in  
Pennsylvania, will hereafter practice in  
the county of Wyandot, and the adjoining  
Counties. He will also faithfully and  
promptly attend to any Land Agency busi-  
ness entrusted to his charge. Deeds,  
Mortgages, and other instruments of writ-  
ing, neatly and correctly drawn.  
OFFICE, Upper Sandusky, Wyandot  
co., Ohio, (Sept. 5, 1845.)

**John Sell,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLIC-  
ITOR IN CHANCERY,  
Has located in Upper Sandusky, Ohio,  
where he will hereafter practice, and al-  
so in the adjoining counties. He will also  
faithfully and promptly attend to all busi-  
ness entrusted to his care, both English  
and German, as he can speak both lan-  
guages fluently.  
September 12, 1845.

WOOD RECEIVED ON SUBSCRIPTION